



# What You See Isn't Always What It Appears



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## Chapter 1 by Fanwizard

Every morning when I wake up, I smell the sweet smell of cinnamon, lemon, and peppermint. I have great advantages of my place in the castle.

After I wash my face, and dress myself in a comfortable dress and a fresh white apron, I always hear my mother singing as she scrubbed the floors. Then, I hear the snip of my father snipping the castle hedges.

Then, I help Princess Amelia, Princess Alyssa, Princess Lana, Princess Jasmine, and Princess Anne dress. This job was quite easy, and I enjoyed it. I enjoyed talking to them, and they were all quite nice. However, I liked Lana the best. She didn't act like a princess, and was quite daring, sneaking out of the castle, dressed like a dairy maid.

After all the princesses dressed, I started doing the laundry, cleaning, and scrubbing. Mother was a maid, who had even more duties than I did. After all my chores were done, I sat with the princesses for tea.

When tea time was over, Lana often started getting dressed to become a dairy maid. I would carefully help her into a simple dark blue dress, and braid her thick hair. Then, she would sneak out over the stone wall. It was our secret.

Supper would arrive quickly, and Lana would sneak back in. I helped set the table, and cleaned

up after dinner. Then, I would continue cleaning, and if I had spare time, I could probably sketch, write, or read.

After I finished, I undressed, and went to bed. That was my only role, until the day

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Queen Charlotte had wanted a new mirror, and it hung in the hallway, clean as her tiara. I passed by it at least 5 times each day, busy carrying a bucket full of water, a basket full of clean or dirty clothes, or a mop. Now since I was free from my chores, I stared at the mirror, seeing my reflection. Something was different about this mirror. Sure, my reflection looked exactly the same, long, wavy auburn hair tied neatly with a blue hair ribbon, bright sky blue eyes, and my favorite soft blue and gold dress with a clean white apron. Still, I knew there was something different. Pressing my hand on the mirror, I felt the cold glass pressed against my palm. Then, it started to heat up. I started to remove my hand, but something stopped me. It was like my hand was glued to the wall. All of a sudden, the mirror pieces shattered. They fell onto the ground, and I quickly dodged them.

I didn't know why I didn't panic. Under normal circumstances, I would have. No one came rushing to see what the loud crash was. A loud zing sound slowly started, increasing in sound. Quickly, I braced myself to anyone who came running to see what the zing sound. Slowly, the sound slowly quieted down. I silently checked the hallway to see if anyone was there. No one. I opened the door to Lana's room. There sat Lana, looking like she ate too much sugar and hadn't gotten enough sleep.

“Lana, are you okay?” I stepped inside the room, double checking there were no guards inside. “Who’s Lana? Who am I? Who are you?” she smiled a sweet smile. “Where am I? What am I?” I rushed over to Lana, and shook her. She smiled an even bigger smile. “What are you doing? What am I doing?”

“Lana! What happened?” I stared at her as I tried shaking her again, even considering hitting her head.

"What happened? What happened to Lana?" Lana asked. Then, she smiled a huge smile.

"Lana, I'm serious! What happened?" I demanded as I shook her a little harder than I meant to.

"What's serious? What's Lana?" she clapped her hands together like a baby would have.

I groaned. Lana had gone crazy, only asking questions, no straight answers. Something wasn't quite right though. The door opened, and Amelia stepped in. She looked like she ate too much sugar.

“Whoosh!” Amelia danced. Even though she was the oldest, Amelia acted like she was 2.

“Whoosh!” Lana repeated, smiling even broader. Then, she clapped her hands again, breaking the still silence.

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"Want food!" Amelia bellowed over Lana's whines. "HUNGRY! HUNGRY! HUNGRY!"

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"Want sleepy sleep!" Lana complained as she rubbed her eyes sleepily and yawned loudly. After I gave Lana and Amelia their "bottles," I went in search for someone who would help me. Opening Queen Charlotte's door, I discovered the Queen wearing her dress improperly. The dress was ugly. Of course, I wouldn't have said it out loud. Charlotte was the queen and could have me thrown in the dungeon.

"Hellooooooooo!" Queen Charlotte drew out the o until it sounded musical. Musical, yet very off key.

"My lady," I curtsied almost immediately, but the queen didn't seem to notice. "Are you alright?"

"Who are youuuuuuu?" she sang happily. I don't want to be mean, but she sounded drunk.

Oh no. I instantly thought. The bright Queen Charlotte, was like Amelia and Lana. She seemed like she ate too much sugar, but it appeared that Charlotte didn't eat anything lately.

"Milady, are you fine?" I looked at the queen carefully, examining her for any signs of drinking.

"Fine! Fine! Fine!" Queen Charlotte chanted as she twirled around in her ugly dress. "Fine! Fine!"

I headed out, to find my own mother, dancing and twirling around with freshly washed ballroom dresses. Okay, I saw the 2 princesses acting weird, the queen singing, and I'm fine with that. But with my own MOTHER dancing with dresses, I cannot handle.

"Roses smiling and eating," Mother sang in an off key tone as she twirled a purple dress.

"Mother!" I snatched the dress away from her, but Mother took another dress from the basket, and continued.

"Sugar sprinkled on your hair!" Mother spun around with a pink dress this time, still smiling.

"Sweet as salt!"

Oh no. I thought again, thinking of what happened to everyone that I'd seen, had gone mad.

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